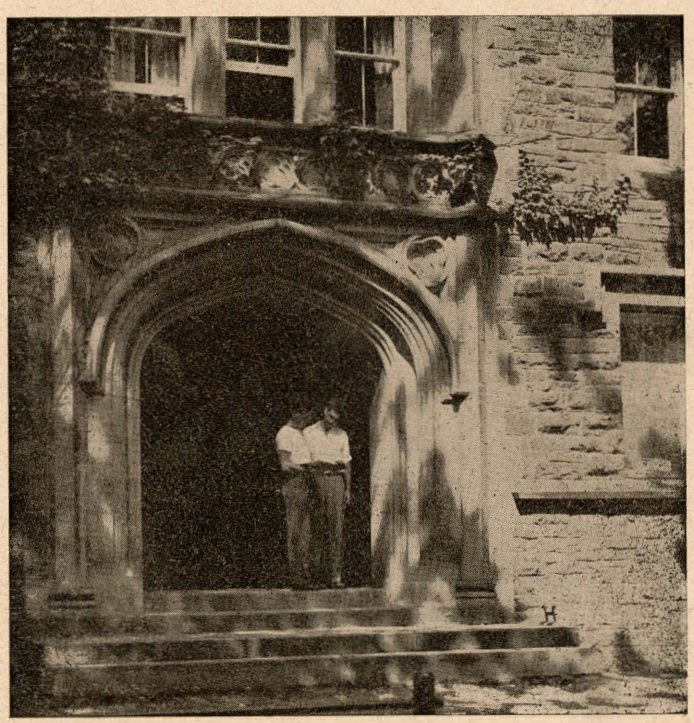
no. 4

HAMILT NEWS

SEPTEMBER 12, 1945



EDITORIAL — Page 1

BARBARA HOLMQUIST (Interview) — Page 2

"MONK" MEYER RIDES IN HORSESHOW — Page 3

SHORT STORY ("HIT AND RUN") — Page 5

MUSIC REVIEW (PIANO CONCERT) — Page 6

POETS CORNER — Page 7

HAMILTONEWS

VOL. III No. 4 ACTIVITIES September 13, 1945

TO BE OR NOT TO BE, AND IF TO BE, HOW?

by Warren E. Schulz

With a start like this I might write a fine piece with the use of words of one syllable. But there, --- even "syllable" contains more than one of itself, and besides, what would be the point of it all?. It might be more profitable at this point to drag out or form and sharpen our ideas on fraternities, so that we can help point the future action of the college, as regards them, along the course we want it to take. Recently the administration announced that fraternities would not reopen in the fall, but the question will soon arise again.

To try to reopen fraternities with an anticipated registration of less than a hundred students and without the use of fraternity houses would be to miss many of the benefits of this institution. It would also tend socially to subdivide further a student body already too small. Because of the supposed 'ills' of the fraternity system, we hear some determined voices saying they would transfer to Groucho Marx's College for Confused Cast-outs before they would join a fraternity. It would seem they may be barking up the wrong tree while doing nothing to improve the situation. A normal student body of four hundred and fifty needs some organized system to promote wholesome social life and to help train students in the art of living together. Students who are members only of a commons club, whether or not by choice, miss something the fraternities have to offer. Few fraternity men finish four years of college without knowing how to take a little kidding, be acceptable socially, work cooperatively, and enjoy recreation along with work. Even if they don't make Phi Beta Kappa (records show that all fraternity men don't). they should be better able to lead fuller lives. Although the fraternity system of college life is thus not itself ill, it does have accompanying ailments that can be remedied by proper treatment.

My suggestion for improving the fraternity system runs as follows: (1) set individual character and personality, unencumbered by prejudices of race and religion, as the basis for choosing fraternity members, (2) lower the fraternity fees so that all can belong, (3) do not let fraternity group feelings or spirit interfere with college community life, and (4) institute a slow walk instead of a rush system for pledging, with more opportunity for students to pick their fraternities.

The harm in segregating any one group, namely the Jews, into a commons club is tremendous. It not only tends to arouse resentment among the Jews and is itself very unchristian-like, but it also decreases the possibility of mutual understanding between the two groups. Several methods of reducing fraternity expense might be followed. The stimulation of local fraternities like the Emerson Literary Society would remove the necessity of paying money to national chapters. Beneficient alumni could also make good use of stagnant sums by giving a little to enable poorer students to enjoy the privileges of their fraternities. If comparative costs were more equal, the feeling that any fraternity had the more gilded members would also disappear. Hamilton was formerly fortunate, since inter-fraternity competition never seemed to erode the unity of college spirit. However, fraternity cliques and derisive opinions of other fraternities are only too easily provoked. The advantages of a careful choice of students by fraternities and of fraternities by students are many. Quite often here before the war sophomores changed fraternities after a poor choice during their freshman year. If given time fraternities will naturally develop around students with similar interests. Within the next year there may be enough older returned-veteran students here, for example, who would like a fraternity of their own. Such a one was successfully organized at Syracuse early in the 1943-44 school year. This possibility should be considered when fraternities reopen.

Whatever action the college takes concerning fraternities will require serious planning to produce the greatest good to the college as a whole. Perhaps you have some suggestions or armchair philosophies on the subject.

INTERVIEW WITH BARBARA HOLMQUIST

Those who attended the piano concert given at the Hamilton College Chapel Thursday evening found that the exceptional talent of Miss Barbara Holmquist was surpassed only by her own personal charm. Your reporters, Ken Westly and Jack Ellery, who have absolutely no ear for music, but do possess an eye for beauty, took full advantage of our position as gentlemen (?) of the press and cornered the young lady for an interview. The following is a blow by blow resume of the encounter:

ELLERY: "Eh....."
WESTLYE: "Miss Holmquist, we represent the Hamiltonews, which is the college journal, and would appreciate a few words from you."
MISS. H. "But of course, what.....
WESTLYE: "I understnad that you were born in Brooklyn. Is that so?"
MISS. H: "Yes, but....
WESTLYE: "Ellery and I are from Brooklyn too. Have you ever been to Long Island?"
MISS H. "Of course I .....
WESTLYE: "Don't you think that we have a beautiful campus here?"
ELLERY: "Eh .....
MISS H: "Oh I most cer.....
WESTLYE: "Do you play 'boogie-woogio'? What do you think of Benny Goodman? How do you like jazz?"
ELLERY "Eh.....
MISS H: "Well I th.....
WESTLYE: "Have you made any arrangements for getting into Utica tonight? Can I drive you in? What time shall I pick you up?"
MISS H: "But.....
ELLERY: "Eh.....
WESTLYE: "Thank you so much Miss Holmquist. We'll see you again after the concert. Goodbye".
MISS H:)
ELLERY:) In a chorus....."Eh....."

Now just in case you have not received all the information that you desire, from our interview, perhaps we can add just a wee bit from the records. Miss Holmquist received her musical education in New York City. She has won several scholarships and has composed many songs and piano pieces. The Morris-Loeb Memorial Prize was awarded to her for outstanding talent. In her opinion, it is not unusual to find that the vast majority of "Jazz" musicians have a substantial groundwork of classical music. Benny Goodman is a particular favorite of hers, and she considers him to be one of the finest in the business.

There you have it lads. When talent starts coming in packages that pretty it is time Ellery learned to play something other than a harmonica. Do I have any offers for FREE lessons?

SPORTS NOTES - by Jack Connolly

The "Pig-skin" is flying again! Throughout the nation, the dust has been shaken from the skin-tight moleskins, shoulder pads and numbered jerseys. The country is anxiously awaiting the shrill of the first whistle that will send a brand new football through the air. You have heard of horse racing as the "Sport of Kings", and to many more, football is the "King of Sports."

Hamilton will not be represented intercollegiately this fall but there will be plenty of action on the hill. Intramural competition has proved to be an excellent substitute for those who like the game. A large turnout is expected in October. Many

continued on page 3

"MONK" MEYER RIDES IN HORSESHOW

Our Texas lad, Vincent "Monk" Meyer, gave your reported a real thrill when he rode "Roselawn Lady", owned by Mr. Reading in the Mohawk Valley Hunt Club Horseshos. The "Lady", who had rebelled against her rider in the Saturday show, met a new master when Tex took over. The horse made a wonderful showing in the initial phase of the contest, but automatically lost her chance for a ribbon in the final judging when she refused a hurdle. "Monk" proved that his mount could really jump by giving a demonstration of horsemanship following the judging and displaying a grade of riding that would be hard to match.

THE ENIGMA

The utter frailty of Man and his struggles to transcend mere dust is both pitiable and wonderous.

What makes this pawn of the Infinitive strive, connive, slaughter, deceive? For what purpose?

This wretched creature! Created for no reason and destroyed for no reason.

Life! The deceptive expression of the soul. Yet from this mist of Life's delusion looms the peak.

This is the goal. This and nothing more. For this all that is Truth, Beauty is cast aside.

To this let the Ravished Ages bear solemn witness. Why? For what reason?

Publius....

(EDITOR'S NOTE.. The writer of the above article prefers to remain anonymous.)

SEPTEMBER CALENDAR AT HAMILTON

September 3, 1932	Parent Chapter of Alpha Delta Phi played host to the fraternity's centennial convention.
September 6, 1840	William H. H. Miller, Class of 1861 born. U.S. Attorney General
September 7, 1792	David J. Baker, Class of 1816, born. U.S. Senator. Speeded settlement of Illinois with 40 acre homestead plan; helped draft Lincoln-Douglas debate topics.
September 12, 1829	Charles Dudley Warner, Class of 1851, born. Essayist, novelist, author of "Being a Boy", "Backlog Studies"; close friend of Mark Twain.
September 13, 1814	Trustees establish prizes for excellence in public speaking.
September 15, 1846	Charles E. Rice, Class of 1867, born. Long presided over Pennsylvania Superior Court.
1881	Henry Darling inaugurated as Eighth President of the College.

SPORTS NOTES continued from page 2.

scoff at six-man football but nevertheless, the fundamentals are the same. Good hard blocking and tackling can be learned only through experience so if you fellows plan to play regulation college football later you should all participate in competition now.

GREEK DRAMA DISCUSSED BY LITERARY CLUB. The Literary held it's final meeting for the summer term on Wednesday evening, in Root Hall. Warren E. Schulz discussed the plays of Sohpocles, the Greek dramatist of the 15th Century, with particular reference to the tragedy "Pedipus Rex". Though there will be no further meetings this term, it is hoped that the Literary Club will receive sufficient support from the students to enable it to carry on in the fall.

Alumni Al
Decrepid on the Puddle
Fly-blown Lane

Hamilton College
Clinton, New York
September 12, 1945

Dear Al:

Never again accuse me of neglecting my correspondence. My other mail has been coming through regularly but none from you for so long that I wonder if mail service has been discontinued to wherever you are at this moment. I think it only fitting that you give a complete account of your activities for the month of August, and a list of possible reasons for the delay in your letters. Meanwhile, remember, that if you do not hear from me it is only because I do not feel like writing.

Everything is quiet and serene here on the Hilltop. Nothing to do but eat and sleep, and four gals to every lad... (P.S. I'm getting more hysterical every day.) Despite the malicious gossip that is being spread around the campus, GEORGE HARLAN is doing very nicely thanks to my tutoring, guidance, advice and experience. How could he fail? "RED" BURNS tried one of those "Are You Normal" bits in a magazine recently and what he learned came as a blow to him. VAL SCALISE has not been standing very close to his razor lately and is evidently planning to become a professional "Knight of the Side-door Pullman". DAVE TAPPER is calling a meeting of the faculty members sometime this week, or so I am told. It seems that he has decided to make Phi Beta Kappa and wishes to give a formal announcement of his intentions. He will write to you from Colgate just as soon as he arrives there. OSCAR COHEN is in the usual poor health and low spirits. KEN WESTLYE,"Hamilton's Gift To The Ladies", is nowoffering his photograph for the sum of twenty-five cents and the top off a 1946 Cadillac. He advises everyone to take immediate advantage of this golden opportunity. I hear that STU MCKELDIN, who has fallen to ruin and disgrace because of his failure to "Hit the Sack" prior to ten PM, has finally declared that he will sacrifice his night life for the sake of his education. Congratuaations are in order. A Seven-o-clock curfew now exists in room 17.

That is about all for the moment. Let me hear from you and I'll send you some more campus news in the very ~~near future~~. More anon,

The Campus Kid

HAMILTON COLD-CUTS

by Sandy Lankler

Jack Ellery is back in the army-- it is quite apparent that he seems to be putting in extra duty as orderly over at the General's house.

Mr. Waterman: Burns, what is the name of the sinus in the forehead?
Burns: Christian Sinus

About one of the recent blanket parites: -I had loads of fun - my girl took the blanket and handed me a Kleenex.

Plea for the Week: Attention Ed Duane; Please have your family come visit you soon-especially your sister- so that we can see her instead of just talking about her.

George Harlan gave a lecture on rational feudalism last week to Jon Kaufman. A good time was had by all.

Monk Meyer: Has retired to his room and is writing a sequel to the book "One Man's Meat" - entitled "Communism Is Here Brother. Share The Wealth".

HIT AND RUN

by

Frederick S. Kellogg

He was racing along the highway at eighty miles an hour. He was running away -- trying to escape the inevitable. He knew that the police would catch up to him sooner or later, but he was still trying to out-distance them. He had the accelerator down to the floor-board. Eighty miles an hour! He knew that police cars could travel faster than that, but he might be able to shake them off for a while.

He turned down a lonely dirt road, the full moon illuminating the path before him. He had to slow down--- not a chance of staying on the road at this speed. He slowed to what seemed a snail's pace, yet the speedometer showed sixty. Thank Heaven he had a heavy car, or he'd have been piled up in a corn-field by now.

As he come to another paved road, he swerved to the left, and found the wheels again responding to the better traction afforded by the concrete surface. Again he pushed the accelerator to the floor; again the speedometer climbed to eighty. He could see that he was coming to a village. There were still a few lights on--- probably at the general store and the doctor's house. He sped down what seemed to be the main street, and soon found himself in the country again. He looked at the moonlit landscape. The hills seemed to be walls closing in on him. No---he mustn't get panicky! So far he was holding his own. There was no one in sight behind him---at least he could see no headlights in his mirror.

He began to wonder----just why was he running away? The accident hadn't been his fault. That figure in white had appeared in front of his car, and it had been impossible to avoid hitting it. And yet, after he had felt the thud his foot seemed to be weighted down on the gas pedal. He couldn't take it off to step on the brake. He couldn't stop---- he had to run away. He had heard of hit-and-run drivers, and he had always held them in utter contempt. But here he was, a man like of whom he had always despised. He had killed that figure---he was sure of that. But why in Heaven's name was he fleeing. He couldn't have avoided the accident. He would be completely exonerated. But here he was---a hit-and-run driver.

He thought of turning around and returning to the town in which the accident had occurred. No, he didn't have the guts; he had to keep going. He tried to nurse a little more speed out of the car, but the needle stayed at eighty. Maybe there was something wrong with it, but no time to find out now. Perhaps it was the wind that was slowing him down. He had noticed that it was getting strong; he could tell by the way it bent the small trees over. Another village came into sight. He could see the laundry on the lines, being blown by the wind. It looked so ghostly, flapping there in the moonlight.

Good Lord! Another white-clad figure dashing in front of his car! he pulled on the wheel, and saw a pole rushing toward him. He screamed.....telephone.....

"Did anyone see the accident?" asked the state police officer.

"Yes sir, I did. See that sheet over there on the road? Well, it blew off that clothesline---sailed right in front of the car. The driver swerved, and he crashed right into that telephone pole. Not much left of him."

HAMILTON COLD-CUTS continued

Jake Jacobson threw caution to the winds last week when he appeared on the golf course -- without his raincoat. Nudism is not encouraged here Jake.

Stu McKeldin sure hit the nail on the head when he talked of Smokey Hider in the las issue of Ham News. Last Thursday Ted was seen smoking both a cigarette and a pipe. Incidentally, he was cursing the "atrocious price of cigars".

continued on page 6

REVIEW OF CONCERT BY MISS BARBARA HOLMQUIST
by
John Davis

Beyond any doubt, the most outstanding feature of Miss Holmquist's performance was her flawless technique. Each of the compositions was brilliantly executed, and various technical difficulties overcome with effortless ease. Miss Holmquist informed me after the recital that an octave stretch is the maximum for her hand. To perform the difficult octave passages in the Liszt Rhapsodic with such ease is indded extraordinary.

Miss Holmquist began her program with a Mozart Sonata in C-major K.330. The performance of this composition was highlighted with a fine interpretation and the omnipresent perfect technique. It is, however, difficult to understand why Miss Holmquist used a trivial Mozart Sonata in preference to some of the larger Bach compositions, or any one of the magnificent Beethoven Sonatas.

In the opinion of this commentator, the outstanding performance of the evening was that of the Variations serieuses, Op 54 by Mendelsohn. The audience was held spellbound by a brilliant performance of a magnificent set of variations.

I, personally, was very much pleased with Miss Holmquist's choice of the Prokofieff Sonata. Prokofieff is an excellent pianist, and his knowledge of the instrumnet is reflected in his compositions. This sonata was written between 1939-1942, years when Russia faced a crisis. All of the great Russian determination is reflected in this composition, particularly in the last movement. Miss Holmquist interpreted this work admirably. Her excellent sense of rhythm was very evident in the last movement which is written in the little used 7/8 rhythm.

The compositions next performed were three very brief ones by the Brazilain Villa-Tobas and another short composition by an Uruguayan, Guarmeri. A group of three compositions by Chopin followed the South American group. The Nocturne in C Sharp Minor, Op 27 was played with deep understanding, a factor in performing Chopin which many artists overlook.

Miss Holmquist concluded her program with a performance of the Rhapsodie, No. 15 by Liszt. She partrayed excellently the sweeping grandiose style of a Liszt composition. As encores she performed the very popular Clair de Lune by Debussy and her own piano arrangement of the Russian song "Meadow Lands".

HAMILTON COLD-CUTS continued

Crystal Ball Dept: (The famous crystal ball is focussed on the year 1975).

Ken Westlye has been recently appointed the Director of Admissions at Hamilton College, according to an article in the Gloversville Gazette written by that crack reporter, Scoop Connolly.

Dr. John Dapolito, working in conjunction with Prof. Oscar Cohen, has just discovered the cure for hay-fever- much to the relief of many sufferers (plug), and was awarded the ragweed bouquet by Dr. Hugh Smith, president of the Medical Association of America.

A Biologist's Definition of Feminine Pulchritude - Regularity of features and a suitable distribution of fat.

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THE POET'S CORNER

Biography of an Irishman

This is the story of John H. McGuire
Who, like most Irishmen, was quite a liar.
John was a hunter who cherished big game,
And, as the story goes, he rose to great fame.

Now after each hunting trip, we have been told,
John would tell everyone all they could hold.
Perhaps he would say that he met a large bear,
While in reality all that was there
Was a thin little Rabbit with hardly a "HARE".

Now yesterday John had a terrible time,
For while he was hunting for deer in the pine,
Out of the woods came a bear in his prime.
John raised his gun and was going to fire.
This is the time that he tripped on a wire.
Thus ends the gay life of John H. McGuire.

Of course I can tell that you all feel quite sad
For John H. McGuire was quite a gay lad.
No more can he sing like the birds in the bowers
Or brag like that Irishman, Ronald C. Powers.
But now that his journey on earth is complete,
We all must admit he accomplished great feats.
And the greatest of these is a great inspiration
For we now have one Irishman less in our nation.

by E. E. Ewer

I Was An Invader by Peter Anthony Gacioch

The day finally came; we were headed for fame;
At least I thought of it as such.
I packed all my gear with a thrilling of fear;
This fame I, too, would soon touch

Tonight we would sail, at zero hour without fail;
We were calling the enemies hand
But it won't be the same; it's not like a game;
And no marching to the tune of a band.

We boarded the ship and were off on a trip;
It was a one way trip for many.
(Most of us cried; our buddies had died;
Boys like -- Ted, Stan and Lenny.)

We rocked through the days on the oceans blue ways.
No one wanted to do much just then.
Some wanted to think; -- we're part of a link.
This transport of uniformed men.

We sighted the land -- a grey coraled band,
Surrounded by water and space.
We all gave a cheer though we tingled with fear.
And the big guns pounded its face.

POET'S CORNER CONTINUED

Now we were prepared -- a bit scared but we dared;
There was a big job for us to do.
We would push on ahead past the dying and dead,
Till we wiped out the enemy crew.

We waded toward our goal over coral and shoal.
We were determined to do our best.
Then we reached the shore, I and many more,
And kept forging ahead without rest.

The resistance was strong, but it didn't last long,
With cooperation of gigantic force;
And we pushed on ahead past the dying and dead,
Showing no fright or remorse.

We covered the sand and conquered the land;
The enemy was weakening fast;
And we pushed on ahead though we sweat and we bled.
But the enemy, for long, couldn't last.

The war never ended though darkness descended;
We struggled through minutes and hours;
And we groped on ahead though we sweat and be bled.
By morning victory would be ours!

It was hell all around, in air as on ground;
But we tugged the enemies rein.
It must have been hell as shell after shell,
Conquered where we couldn't gain.

That battle we won, with the breaking of dawn,--
On that rock coraled isle out there.
But what a price it cost; the lives that were lost;
American boys who died somewhere.

Of the enemy were none; we could see in the sun,--
A peace and destruction was ours.
All around us there laid, the price that we paid;
And they rested in graves without flowers.

Old Glory again flew against a sky which was blue;--
A sentinel over hallowed sand;--
Where blood was spilled;-- Where men were killed;--
On that distant, far away land.

SOLID SOLEMN SUGGESTIONS FOR SOUTH'S 'SOIRAL' SONGSTERS by Warren E. Schulz

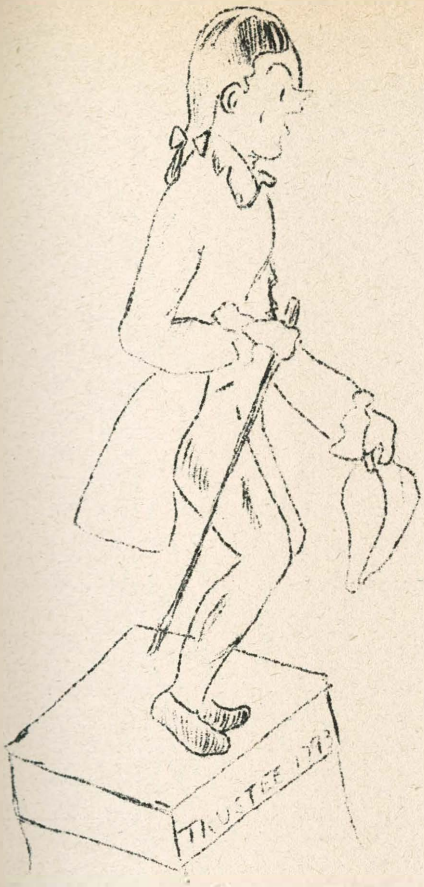
Since the student selected student 'souncil' (sad sononym*, sorry) said so, the sonorous Steinway steps (sometimes styles keys) of South's salon are seldom stimulated subsequent to seven-thirty. We suggest the substitute Sinatra sub-studies, who sing singular solos from the second stage of South South when serious soundly cerebrated students should be sleeping soundly (or soundlessly), cease serenading sometime soon sebsequent to same seven-thirty. We sincerely say that silence whould supplant sounds of singing so we can sweetly savor of smooth summer slumber. If students still won't set 'soiral' songs as a seedy superfluity to somber study, we suggest they sing 'sullabies' (still sadder sononym, still sorrier) so soft, so soothing and so silent we shall not sense the sound. Shall we S.O.S. -- save our students, with sufficient sleep -- or are our students P.S.-- past saving.

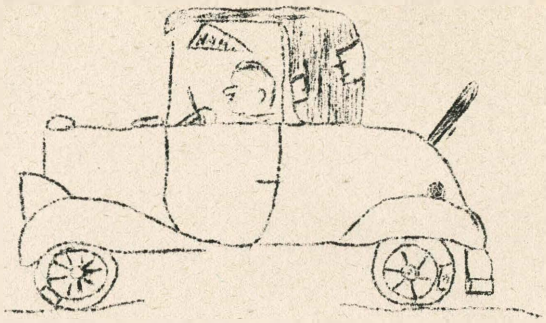
Second P.S. The 'sommipotent student 'souncil' says yes, S.O.S. 'Snuf said.

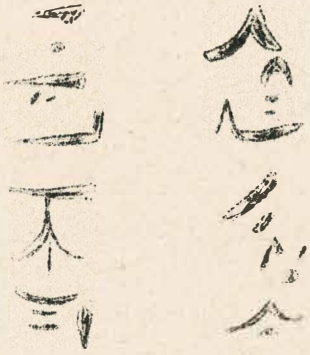
* A 'sononym sounds similar to some similarly sononymous syllable.

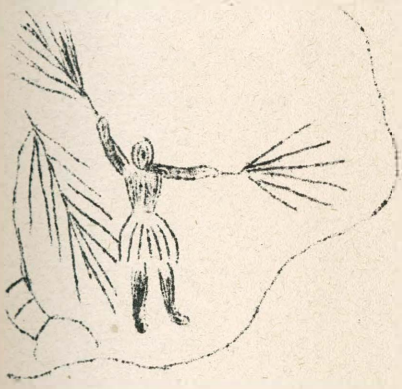
HIGHLIGHTS of HAMILTON

"THE GOLFING SET"









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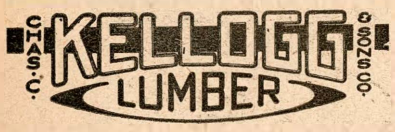

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